MARVEL
MK
17
MARVEL KNIGHTS
SPIDER-MAN
DAILY BUGLE
MYSTERIOUS
HERO

PREVIOUSLY IN MARVEL KNIGHTS SPIDER-MAN

"WILD BLUE YONDER"

PART V OF VI

Peter Parker's life has been turned upside down. His house has been leveled by a super-villain so he's moved his family into a new pad—Avengers Tower…his summer-school teaching job fell through so he's finagled a summer job at the Daily Bugle…the Owl has placed a bounty on his head that The Absorbing Man and his mysterious female consultant are looking to collect…and if that weren't enough, the Bugle's new star reporter has turned out to be, well, out of this world.

Ethan Edwards is his name, and if he acts like he's from another planet—that's 'cause he is. See, years ago, when Galactus decided to make the Skrull home planet a late-night snack, a top scientist sent his infant son hurtling across the galaxy in a high-tech space pod. That spacecraft eventually found safe haven on Planet Earth, where Ethan was discovered and raised to maturity by a kindly Midwestern couple—all the while unaware of his true identity, his true heritage.

Ethan has always known he was special – the endless array of super-powers kind of gave it away. But he's never known why. That's about to change. Question is, can Ethan handle the truth?

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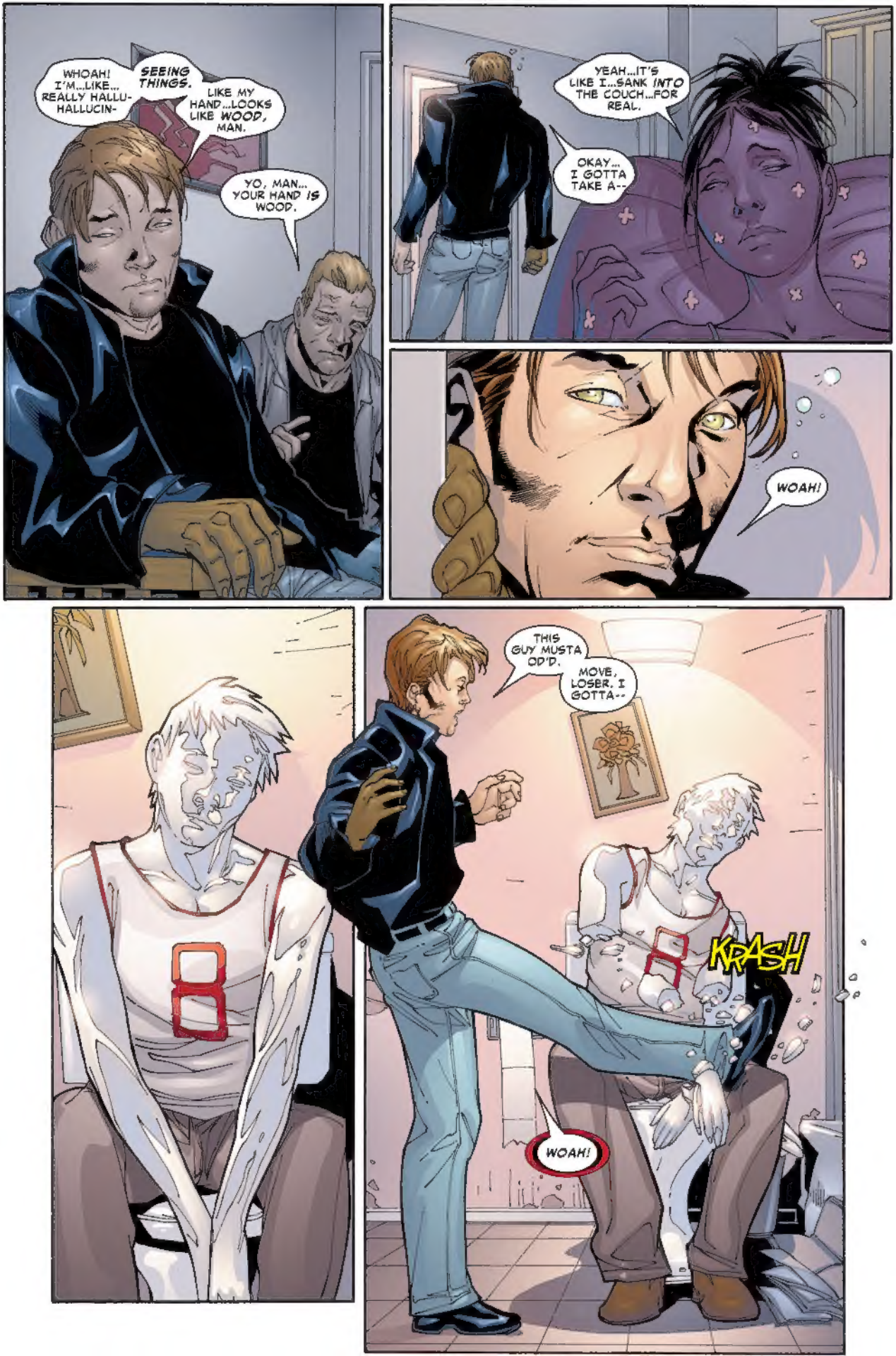
I GOT SOME! THEY ALMOST SOLD OUT, BUT I GOT SOME!
SUMMA WHAT?
WHAT DO YOU THINK-- ABSORBING MAN!
WHA...YOU MEAN, LIKE THAT GUY WHO--?
NOT "LIKE" THAT GUY. THIS STUFF IS THAT GUY. HE TURNED INTO DOPE, AND NOW HE'S FOR SALE.
LEMME SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT...
TEN MINUTES LATER...


WHOAH! I'M...LIKE... REALLY HALLU- HALLUCIN-
SEEING THINGS.
LIKE MY HAND...LOOKS LIKE WOOD, MAN.
YO, MAN... YOUR HAND IS WOOD.
YEAH...IT'S LIKE I...SANK INTO THE COUCH...FOR REAL.
OKAY... I GOTTA TAKE A--
WOAH!
THIS GUY MUSTA OD'D.
MOVE, LOSER. I GOTTA--
KRASH
WOAH!

WILD BLUE YONDER PART FIVE

REGINALD HUDLIN WRITER | BILLY TAN PENCILS | JOHN SIBAL INKS | AVALON'S IAN HANNIN COLORS | VC'S CORY PETIT LETTERS | STEVE MCNIVEN COVER

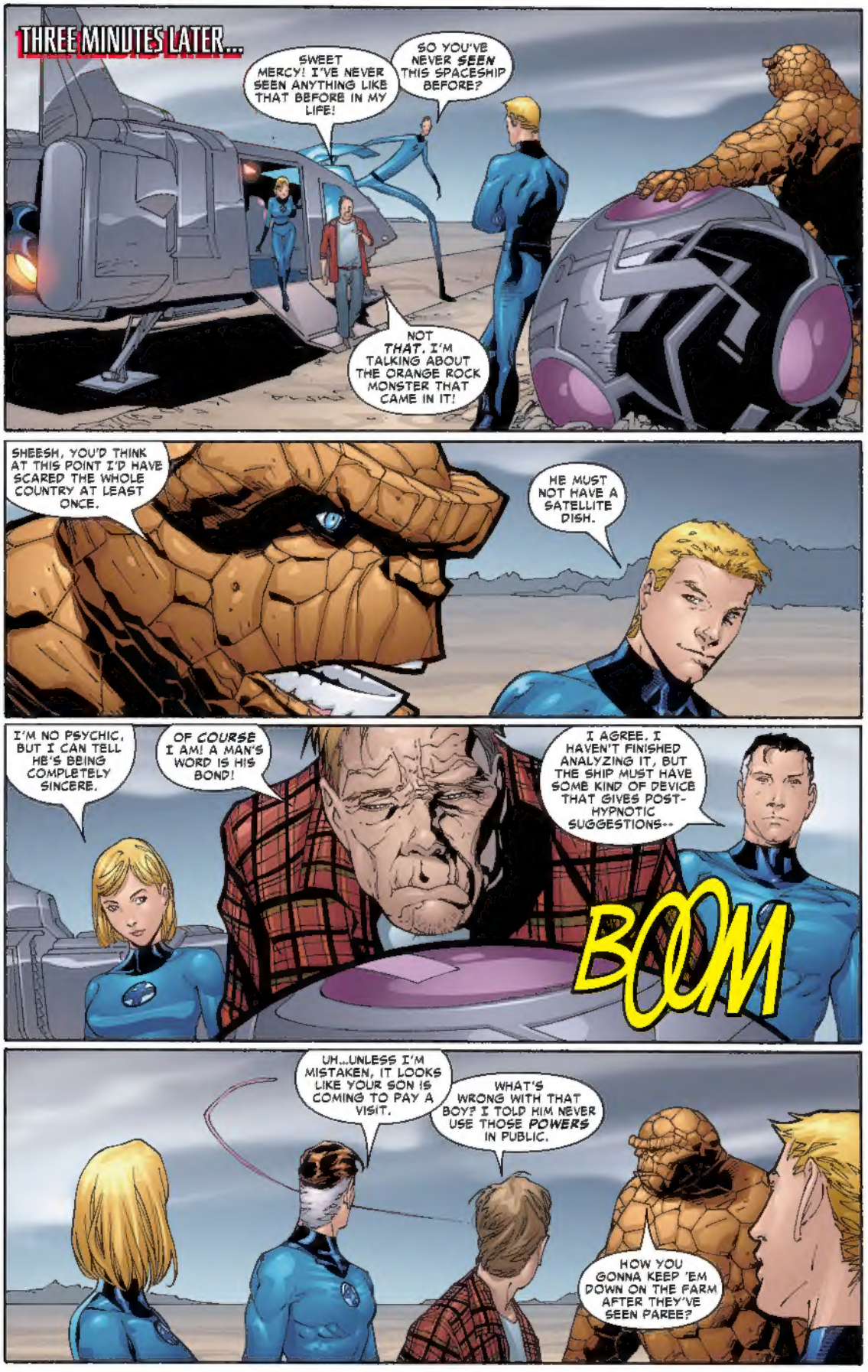
CORY SEDLMEIER ASST. EDITOR | AXEL ALONSO EDITOR | JOE QUESADA CHIEF | DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

EDWARDS, LISTEN TO ME CLOSE:
I PROMISE I WON'T YELL AT YOU FOR HOLDING OUT ON THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE YEAR--IF YOU TELL ME EVERYTHING RIGHT NOW.
B-B-BUT I DON'T KNOW EVERYTHING. AND THE MORE I TALK, THE WORSE THINGS GET.
SON, IF YOU DON'T TALK, THINGS ARE GOING TO GET A WHOLE LOT WORSE.
I-I-I...
NO!
CRASH
I'M TAKING THAT OUT OF YOUR PAYCHECK!
PARKER?
I'M ON IT, SIR.

WHOA! NEW TAILOR?
THEY KNOW WHO I AM. WHAT ELSE AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?
I THINK WE NEED TO HEAD BACK TO YOUR HOMETOWN. THE FANTASTIC FOUR ARE THERE, AND THEY--
MY HOMETOWN? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?
MY DAD IS GOING TO FIND OUT I'VE BEEN USING MY POWERS.
WHAT--? HE DOESN'T LIKE SUPER HEROES?
HE THINKS THEY'RE FALSE IDOLS WHO SET THEMSELVES UP AS GODS TO BE WORSHIPPED.
YEESH, THEY SHOULD BE ME FOR A DAY...
THAT PICTURE OF ME IS GOING TO GET ON THE NATIONAL NEWS FEED. NOW THE FANTASTIC FOUR ARE WALKING AROUND MY HOMETOWN. EVERYBODY IN HICKSVILLE IS GOING TO BE TALKING ABOUT THAT!
MY DAD IS GOING TO BLOW HIS TOP!
YOU'RE FROM A PLACE CALLED "HICKSVILLE"?
LOOK, ETHAN, YOU'RE UNDER A LOT OF PRESSURE, BUT Y--
WHOOOSHH!
--OKAY. HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GET TO IOWA NOW?
IIIEEEEEEE!
OKAY, NOW WHAT?

MY HAND! IT'S MADE OF GLASS!
OKAY, THIS KIND OF PROBLEM, I CAN HANDLE.
SCREECH
MY FINGER! YOU BROKE IT!
PUT IT IN A SPLINT, IT'LL HEAL.
MY FINGER IS GLASS, MORON! I'M SUING YOU!
WHEN YOU COME DOWN OFF YOUR ILLEGAL DRUG INDUCED HIGH, YOU MIGHT WANT TO RETHINK THAT.
MY FEET!
I CAN'T MOVE! MY FEET ARE TOO HEAVY!
THIS IS A JOB...
...FOR SOMEBODY ELSE.

MEANWHILE IN HICKSVILLE...
NOW KEEP STEPPING! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YA, BUT I WILL!
SIR...WE FOUND THE SPACESHIP YOUR SON CAME IN.
BLA-DOW!
PARDON ME, SIR...BUT YOU JUST SHOT AT MY HUSBAND.
SWEET MERCY! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
JUST BE GLAD I DIDN'T HAVE BEN OR JOHNNY DISARM YOU.
FINE. ARREST ME. WHATEVER. YOU'LL NEVER BREAK MY SPIRIT!
WE DON'T EVEN WANT TO ARREST YOU. WE'RE NOT POLICEMEN--WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOUR SON.
WELL, IF YOU WANT TO HELP HIM, THEN DON'T TRY TO WRITE OFF HIS GOD-GIVEN ABILITIES AS SOMETHING FROM OUTER SPACE!
SIR, MIND TELLING ME HOW YOU FOUND YOUR SON?
WE WERE DRIVING HOME, THERE WAS A FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE HEAVENS, AND THERE HE WAS.
NOW, WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH U.F.O.S?
SIR, CAN I SHOW YOU SOMETHING TO SEE IF YOU REMEMBER SEEING IT BEFORE?

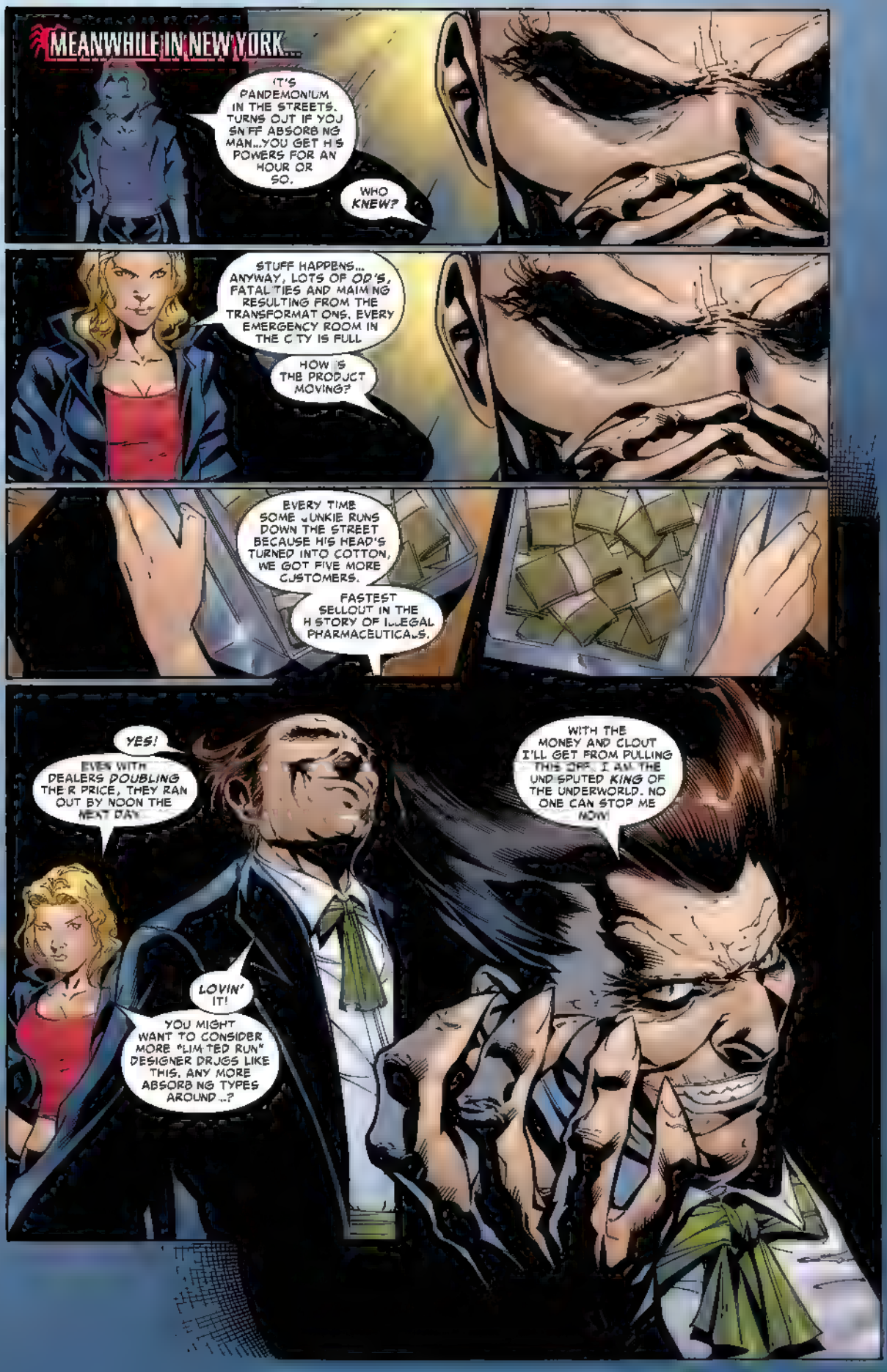

THREE MINUTES LATER...
SWEET MERCY! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THAT BEFORE IN MY LIFE!
SO YOU'VE NEVER *SEEN* THIS SPACESHIP BEFORE?
NOT *THAT*. I'M TALKING ABOUT THE ORANGE ROCK MONSTER THAT CAME IN IT!
SHEESH, YOU'D THINK AT THIS POINT I'D HAVE SCARED THE WHOLE COUNTRY AT LEAST ONCE.
HE MUST NOT HAVE A SATELLITE DISH.
I'M NO PSYCHIC, BUT I CAN TELL HE'S BEING COMPLETELY SINCERE.
OF *COURSE* I AM! A MAN'S WORD IS HIS BOND!
I AGREE. I HAVEN'T FINISHED ANALYZING IT, BUT THE SHIP MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF DEVICE THAT GIVES POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTIONS--
BOOM
UH...UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR SON IS COMING TO PAY A VISIT.
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT BOY? I TOLD HIM NEVER USE THOSE *POWERS* IN PUBLIC.
HOW YOU GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM AFTER THEY'VE SEEN PAREE?

WHOOOSHH!
STAY AWAY FROM MY DAD!
ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS MY SON? WENT BY KINDA FAST..
I WOULD GUESS MACH THREE, SURPASSING OUR PREVIOUS ESTIMATES, JOHNNY--
I'M ALREADY ON THEIR TRAIL.
DO YOU HEAR ME?
NOT REALLY I THINK YOU STARTED YOUR SENTENCE TWO COUNTIES AGO.
I SAID, STAY AWAY FROM MY FAMILY! WHO TOLD YOU TO COME HERE?
YOUR DNA, BUDDY BOY

OKAY, THIS IS GETTING OLD. EITHER YOU STOP, OR...
OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
CLAP
WHUMP
WHUMP
WHUMP
AT LEAST YOU LANDED WITH YOUR GOOD SIDE SHOWING
EINSTEIN WAS A MAN OF DEEP FAITH, BUT ALSO A MAN OF SCIENCE. THE TWO ARE NOT AT ODDS WITH EACH OTHER--
THE BOYS ARE BACK!
KLIK-KLIK
WHIRRRRRRRRR
WHAT THE--?

IT'S ALIVE!
WHAT'S IT DOING?
I WOULD GUESS DOWNLOADING. IT PROBABLY SENSED HIS DNA NEARBY AND STARTED RUNN NG AN OLD PROGRAM.
CAN YA TURN IT OFF BEFORE HE GETS THE ORDER TO "CRUSH, KILL AND DESTROY?"
LET'S SEE...
ZZZAP
REED
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
STAND BACK EVERY-BODY, I'M ABOUT TO MELT THIS TH NG INTO--
DON'T BOTHER... DESIGNED TO WITHSTAND .. R GORS OF SPACE.. ATMOSPHER C RE-ENTRY HEAT...
IN OTHER WORDS...

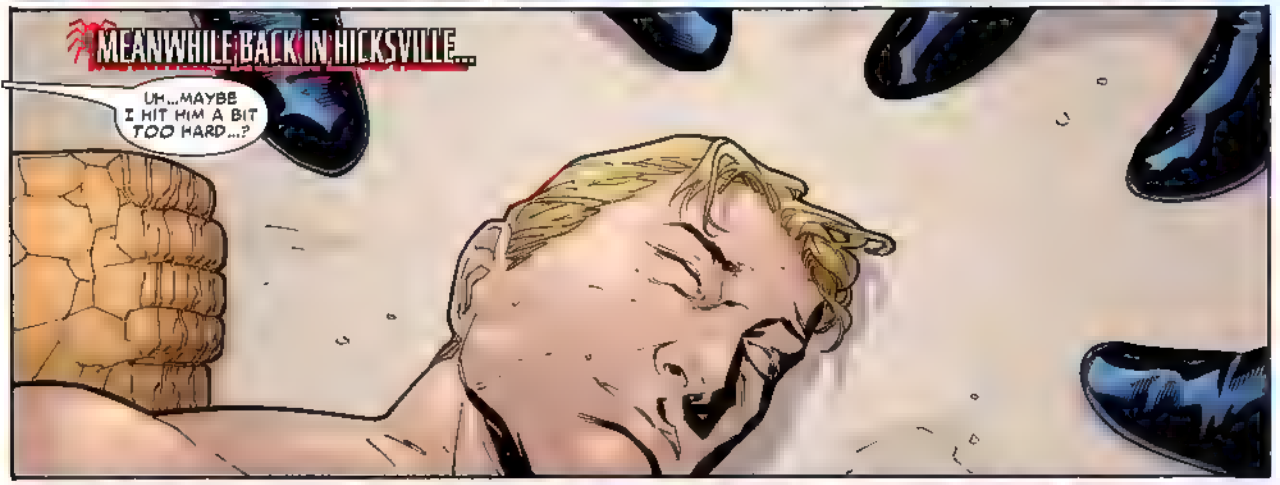
SPLUNCH
IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

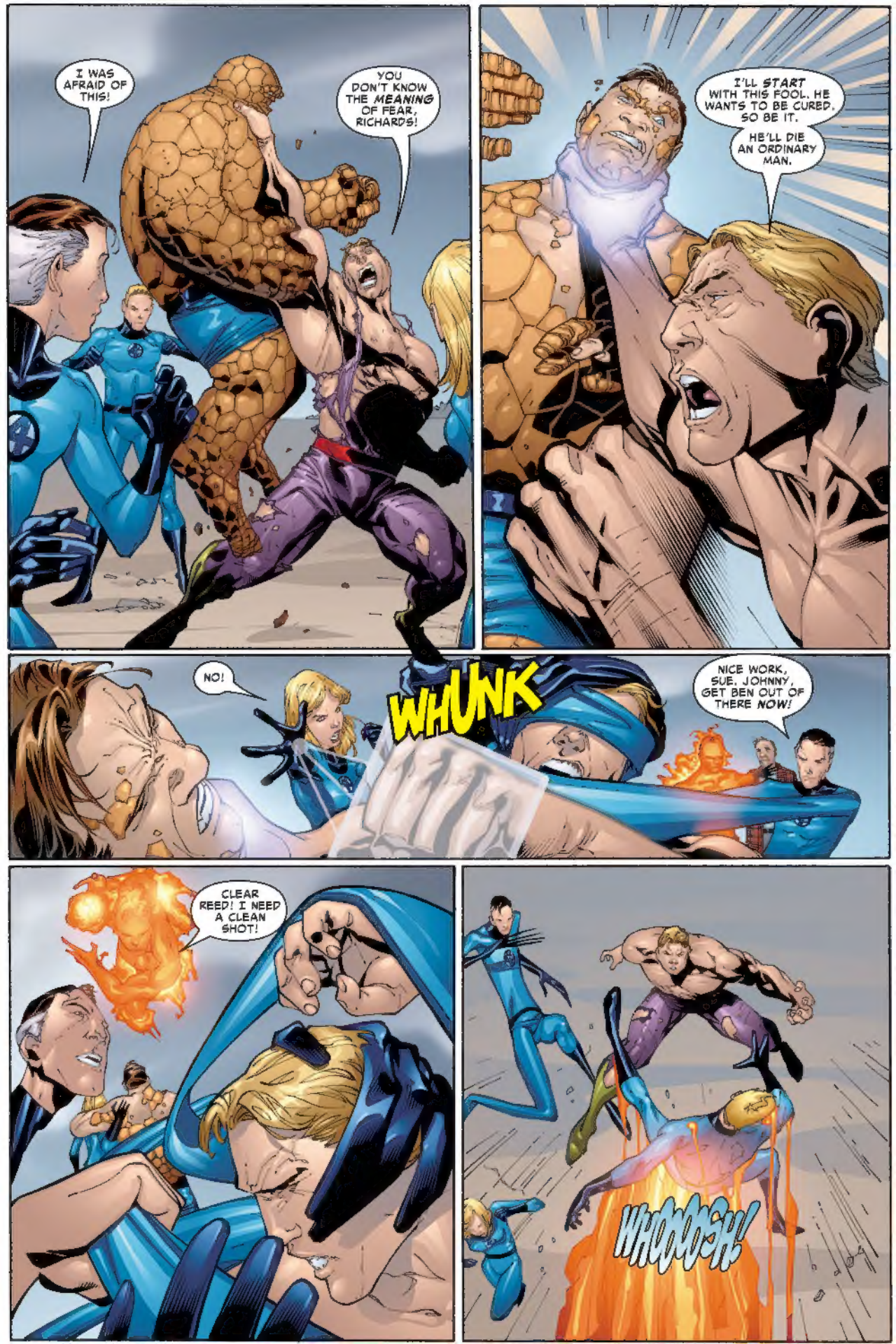

MEANWHILE IN NEW YORK...
IT'S PANDEMONIUM IN THE STREETS. TURNS OUT IF YOU SNIFF ABSORBING MAN...YOU GET HIS POWERS FOR AN HOUR OR SO.
WHO KNEW?
STUFF HAPPENS... ANYWAY, LOTS OF OD'S, FATALITIES AND MAIMING RESULTING FROM THE TRANSFORMATIONS. EVERY EMERGENCY ROOM IN THE CITY IS FULL
HOW'S THE PRODUCT MOVING?
EVERY TIME SOME JUNKIE RUNS DOWN THE STREET BECAUSE HIS HEAD'S TURNED INTO COTTON, WE GOT FIVE MORE CUSTOMERS.
FASTEST SELLOUT IN THE HISTORY OF ILLEGAL PHARMACEUTICALS.
YES!
EVEN WITH DEALERS DOUBLING THEIR PRICE, THEY RAN OUT BY NOON THE NEXT DAY.
LOVIN' IT!
YOU MIGHT WANT TO CONSIDER MORE "LIMITED RUN" DESIGNER DRUGS LIKE THIS, ANY MORE ABSORBING TYPES AROUND...?
WITH THE MONEY AND CLOUT I'LL GET FROM PULLING THIS OFF, I AM THE UNDISPUTED KING OF THE UNDERWORLD. NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW!

ELSEWHERE...
GIMME ALL YOUR MONEY OR I'LL RIP YOU APART!
TAP TAP TAP
SCUSE ME IF YOU OPEN THAT WINDOW, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT CREEP FOR YOU
THESE WINDOWS ARE-- UGH. --HARD TO OPEN!
STAY IN YOUR SEAT, LADY.
KRASH
RESPECT YOUR ELDERS, STEEL PAW!

DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY RANK AMATEUR SUPER-VILLAINS I'VE BEAT THE STUFFING OUT OF TODAY? YOU GUYS ARE STUPIDER THAN THE REAL ABSORBING MAN
WHUD
"STUPIDER"-- IS THAT A WORD?
OOOOO! NICE PUNCH, SPIDER-MAN.
RIP HIS LUNGS OUT, SPIDEY.
SMAK
I'W W!P YOU APARD WIP MY METAW HANDS...
COULD YOU REPEAT THAT? YOUR SWELLING JAW MAKES YOU HARD TO UNDERSTAND..
WHAT THE--?
OH NOOOO...
BEEN ABOUT AN HOUR? T ME'S UP, CHUMP.
YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE WHO WAS YOUR SUPPLIER?
DON'T HIT ME, DON'T HIT ME, DON'T HIT ME

NO, MAN-- I CAN'T HE-HE'LL +SNIFF+ KILL ME...
OKAY, I WARNED YOU...
KICK 'EM IN THE TEETH, SPIDEY.
NO! NO! +SNIFF+ I'LL TALK!
IT WAS THIS DUDE... LESTER... +SNIFF+
YEAH? AND WHO'S HE WORK FOR?
AW, I MIGHT AS WELL DIE NOW, MAN...
SUIT YOURSELF..
THE OWL! THE OWL IS THE MAN!
DISCOUNT BOOKS
HE DID IT.


MEANWHILE BACK IN HICKSVILLE...
UH...MAYBE I HIT HIM A BIT TOO HARD...?


I WAS AFRAID OF THIS!
YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF FEAR, RICHARDS!
I'LL START WITH THIS FOOL. HE WANTS TO BE CURED. SO BE IT.
HE'LL DIE AN ORDINARY MAN.
NO!
WHUNK
NICE WORK, SUE. JOHNNY, GET BEN OUT OF THERE NOW!
CLEAR REED! I NEED A CLEAN SHOT!
WHOOOSH!

SON...
WHAT ARE YOU... DOING?
D-DAD?
W-WHO AM I?
AAARGH!

MEANWHILE IN NEW YORK...
BLAMM! BLAMM! BLAMM!
BAD IDEA. I'M IN A NASTY MOOD.
WANNA END UP LIKE YOUR BUDDY? THEN TRY ME.
I GOT NO JOKES FOR DRUG DEALERS. BUT PLENTY OF AGGRESSION.
BLAMM! BLAMM!
CAN HE GET IN HERE?
IT'S REINFORCED STEEL. THERE'S NO WAY HE--
WHUNK
RIGHT. WELL, YOU DON'T GET TO THE TOP...
...UNLESS YOU'RE A CLAWS-ON KILLER!

ALRIGHT THAT'S IT!
I'M GOING TO KILL EVERYBODY!
TO BE CONTINUED